I OWE

To Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Washington Park, Ill. - "I am the mother of four children and have suf-



fered with female trouble, backache, nervous spells and the blues. My children's loud talking and remping would make me so nervous I could just tear everything to pieces and I would ache all over and feel so sick that I would not

want anyone to talk to me at times. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and Liver Pills restored rue to health and I want to thank you for the good they have done me. I have had quite a bit of trouble and worry but it does not affect my youthful looks. My friends say 'Why do you look so young and well?' I owe it all to the Lydia E. Pinkham remedies." -Mrs. ROBT. STOPIEL, Moore Avenue, Washington Park, Illinois.

We wish every woman who suffers from female troubles, nervousness, backache or the blues could see the letters written by women made well by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound-

If you have any symptom about which you would like to know write to the Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass., for helpful advice given free of charge.

Then She Said "Yes." She-Before I give you my answer must know more about you. Are you aiming at anything worth while? He-You seem to have a very poor

opinion of yourself.

IS CHILD CROSS.

Look, Mother! If tongue is coated, give "California Syrup of Figs."

Children love this "fruit laxative," and nothing else cleanses the tender stomach, liver and bowels so nicely. A child simply will not stop playing to empty the bowels, and the result is they become tightly clogged with waste, liver gets sluggish, stomach sours, then your little one becomes cross, half-sick, feverish, don't eat, sleep or act naturally, breath is bad, system full of cold, has sore throat, stomach-ache or diarrhoea. Listen, Mother! See if tongue is coated, then give a teaspoonful of "California Syrup of Figs," and in a few hours all the constipated waste, sour bile and undigested food passes out of the sys- as a whisper might be, "and don't fret tem, and you have a well child again. I am all right."

Millions of mothers give "California Syrup of Figs" because it is perfectly er fails to act on the stomach, liver the cook-shack. and bowels.

Ask at the store for a 50-cent bottle of "California Syrup of Figs," which has full directions for bables, children of all ages and for grown-ups plainly printed on the bottle. Adv.

Misunderstood. "Are you a plain cook?"

PREPAREDNESS I

"I suppose I could be purtier, mum."

To Fortify The System Against Grip when Grip is prevalent Local this co-QUININE should be taken, as this co-quit, other ingredients. when Grip is prevalent LAXATIVE BROMG Quinine with other ingredients destroys as acts as a Tonic and Lazarive and thus a the system is condition to withstand a. Grip and leftuousa There is only one BROMO QUININE", E W GROVE'S MA

Some men are regular in their habits-but their habits are florce.

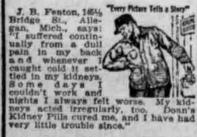
Dr. Pierce's Pellets are best for liver, owels and stomach. One little Pellet for · lazative-three for a cathartic.-Adv.

Many a man who seeks fame finds nothing but infamy.

Makes Work a Burden A bad back makes hard work harder.

All day the dull throb and the sharp, darting pains make you miserable, and there's no rest at night. Maybe it's your daily work that hurts the kidneys. for jarring, jolting, lifting, reaching ness and many other strains do weaken them. Cure the kidneys. Use Doan's Kidney Pills. They have helped thousands and should do as well for you. Thousands recommend them.

A Michigan Case



Got Doan's at Any Store, 50c a Box
DOAN'S RIDNEY
PILLS FOSTER-MILBURN CO., BUFFALO, N. Y

MY HEALTH E. Pinkham's Veg-A STORY OF THE GREAT NORTH WEST By VINGIE E. ROE ILLUSTRATIONS by TRAY WALTERS I COPYRIGHT BY DODD, MEAD AND COMPANY

Siletz of Daily's tumber camp directs a stranger to the camp. Walter Sandry introduces himself to John Daily. foreman, as "the Dillingworth Lumber Co. or most of it." He makes acquaintance with the camp and the work. He gives siletz permission to ride Black Boit. his saddle horse. In an emergency he proves to the foreman that he does not lack judgment. Siletz tells him of the Preacher. He discovers that Siletz bears the sign of the Siletz tribe of Indians and wonders what her surname is. In the flush of a tender moment he calls her "the Night Wind in the Pines," and kisses her. Poppy Ordway, a magazine writer from New York, comes to Daily's to set material for a romance of the lumber region. Hampden of the Yellow Pines Co. wants Sandry to keep off a Iraci of stumpase he claims tile to and Sandry thinks he has bought as the East Belt. Hampden sets up a cabin or, the East Belt and warns trespassers off. Sandry cas find no written evidence of title to the tract. His men pull down the cabin. Sandry compares Siletz and Poppy. Sandry's compares Siletz and Poppy. Sandry's and Hampden's men fight over the disputed tract. The Freacher stops the fight. Sandry finds that the deed to the East Belt has never been recorded. He decides to get out his contract first and fight for the stumpase afterward. Poppy scents trickery and filtris with Hampden to gain his confidence. She tells Sandry that Hampden is crooked and that she'll get him. Poppy goes to Salem in search of evidence against Hampden. Sandry and Siletz ride to the sonshore and Siletz sees the ocean for the first time. Sandry's men desert him for Hampden, who has offered more money. Siletz goes to her friends the Siwashes and persuades them to work for Sandry to save his contract. Poppy tells Sandry that she has proof of Hampden's filing bogus entries in collusion with the commissioner.

CHAPTER XV-Continued.

"Why-why," stammered Siletz, "I of the first motion toward the sea. hardly know. Yet-there is something. She fell silent a moment, standing dry wished Miss Ordway might see

beside him. soul, Sandry," she said at last, ear in the little south room. His mind nestly, "and they tell me that you went over that little room. He saw are sad. What can I do-oh, what can the stand with the ancient Bible. He past, the East Belt go by the board and the raft in spite of all. I do to help?"

There was in her voice the simple cry of a sympathy so intense that it salom! My son, my son!" was anguish, and Sandry's lips tightened in the darkness.

For a heady moment he could scarce that she was ever capable of sending beheld the sea. But a tardy thought smote his eardrums to silence, pain still, for Sandry was his friend, of Miss Ordway shut his hands upon that was unendurable stretched and themselves and steadied his voice. He put his hands upon her shoul-

ders and turned her round. "Go back to Ma Daily, child," he said, but his voice had fallen to a whisper, a whisper that was a caress. laden as heavily with wistful sadness

Without a word, obedient to him as the primal woman ever is to man, harmless; children love it, and it nev- Siletz went away in the night toward

As she passed up the path she almost brushed the garments of Poppy Ordway, standing in rigid silence, her hands shot in the folds of her gown. her rose lips ashes, her eyes strained

"Fool! Fool!" the woman was thinking in a rage of passion "Why didn't I suspect?" She is something to him-she has her charm. There is danger in her to me-oh Sandry, you stupid, simple heart!" For Poppy Ordway had heard the ca ress of that lowered voice. The new passion in her took fright, and a furious, choking rage sent the blood hot

upon her heart. The next morning he found upon his window-ledge a handful of fern and a spray of tiny, yellow, waxlike flowers that were beginning to show where the little streams tore down the mountains, lining their rocky beds. He took them in and put them away in a drawer among his papers, sflent voice of a sympathy that was as delicate as it was strong.

That morning when Poppy Ordway encountered Siletz the bright smile she gave her covered a sudden hatred that had sprung, full grown, from a man's low whisper; and the bad times that followed for the girl had their inception these

CHAPTER XVI.

The Big Raft On the fourteenth of March the wheezy tug pulled the great, brown eigar-shaped monster that meant so much to Sandry and the fortunes of the Dillingworth from its moorings out to the narrow, deep neck of the bay that would take it to the sea. Sandry for the first time in his life felt the slow, sliding motion as the great oval floor responded to the screeching tug and the ebb tide.

On board with Sandry were Daily and eight Indians, all armed and waiting for anything that might develop. But Hampden had no notion of meeting John Daily in his present mood and it seemed as if all was to go smoothly. As the raft drew majes tically abreast of the mill at Toledo the Yellow Pines owner was conspicu ous on the dock, though he did not ap pear to see anything beyond the pile heavily running tidewater and disapof raw, bright lumber he was warking.

peared amid the flotsars and jetsam of His florid face were a sardonic grin. "John," said Sandry, "it's a wonder aimlessly back and forth. Hampden didn't do something surer to hinder vs-jam the bay with logs or ume for a few minutes, then subsided

be us up some way." Might, only I've had Jone Tester the pines bear ghastly fruit a time or gone wrong. and his muddy face was blanched. in Easterner!"

pole an' Klamath Sam walkin' th

years an' a dark night to do it."

That first day drifted by very swift-

ly, soft and sunny between showers.

and by four o'clock the ebb of the tide.

fare. Afterward they lay about the

line of color. Triumph filled the heart

of the young financier and his last

drowsy thoughts were of the steamer

that was even now plowing down from

Portland to meet them, the huge check

that would follow his delivery of the

logs-how he would lift a certain

mortgage of the load that hung upon

the Dillingworth, its greatest menace

He waked to see the heavy chains

drawn taut, to hear the mass of tim-

bers creaking and grumbling as it

tide was in. The Siwash cook waked

the men by moonlight for breakfast.

They must be ready to take advantage

The casting loose, the slow start,

the moving of the night shores-San-

night and the world was not.

serene heavens.

When the thing was over John Daily

picked himself up from where he had

water, landing in a tangle of blueberry

vines, and screamed a curse at the

prayer; "he's blowed her up at last!"

first moments there set up a great

and opened prow of the raft slewed

and was holding the rest, while the

strong tide urged it hard upon itself.

called his Indians, and there was an-

Above it Daily lifted his voice and

"Koottah! Snamishta! Memmiloo!"

wered, some far, some near, and pres-

noonlight from the matted ferns, gath-

Here one dragged an injured ankle.

ragged scalp with his hands, and there

he had got, but all eight accounted for

"Boys," said Daily tensely, "all who

Sandry was standin' alone at her nose

It's a hundred to one he's done for!"

this disaster which would have set the

Stlently the five who were unharmed

the mug bay which traveled always

The groaning of the raft grew in vol

tongues of white men flying.

No one asked a question, the Indians

ering about the foreman.

"Oh, God damn his soul to hell!" he

in point of time.

But even as he spoke a cry sounded in pieces rom the water far shead-another an Siletz drew in to each other some- it fared with Sandry swinging beshores fer five days-an' they're the where out in the dim moonwash, and two worst Siwashes on th' reservation he knew they had found him.

Hampden knows they're workin' fer So they had-a limp body lying bent S'letz, an' that when I said shoot or back across a floating log, the pearl cut they'd shoot or cut-ef it took four buttons on its breast shining and its hair dabbling in the water. They pushed the log with its burden in to shore and big John Daily, wading out. picked up his employer as a mother grown slower and slower, had ceased lifts a child, carried him back up the altogether. Daily and the rest tied up bank and bent to listen for life in the the raft, head and tall on both sides. still breast. It was there. The timberusing heavy steel ropes and chains, to man ran a great hand, experienced and which they gave plenty of slack. They gentle, over the sprawling arms. cooked supper ashore and Sandry thought he had never tasted better

"Busted!" he said bitterly, "legs too! He's crumpled like a broken tule! If I don't take this out of Hampden, I fire all together, smoking, and only the silence of the Siletz marked the hope I'll burn in hell!"

He gathered the scattered blankets from bush and tree branch and laid the Easterner upon them. Then this simple son of the big country went off by himself into the shadows to think. What should be do?

Here was his employer, this Easterner who was going through the ordeal by fire to win his right to live and fight in the wild land, and he was all but worsted, down and out. His life was not worth a copper-that coin of which the large West takes no no tice-and far on the shores of the strained upstream, and knew that the other ocean was that old father of whom he had told Daily in the quiet talks at night. It would take quick work to get Sandry to a doctor and word should be sent East at once

live and the contract had been lost his it-it might be a bit of local color in fight would be over. Those mort-"The winds of God are heavy on my the mysterious book she was writing gages of which he had spoken vaguely would be foreclosed and the Dilling-Hampden would be supreme in the shuddered a bit with the night chill hills.

as he saw again the words, "Oh, Ab-Those were the last words that the through dead or alive, an' I'll see her on." mind of the Easterner were to know there!" was Daily's ultimatum as he for many days. The nose of the raft rose from the log in the pink flare of resist the bidding of the lawless thrill where he was standing suddenly rose sunrise, and could he have known all or if it would travel east with him to under him like a thing of life. The that Sandry would lose with that con- the old man in the wheeled chair on through him, to take her into his arms night opened, flame shot upward from tract and the Dillingworth his hatred Riverside drive-mute evidence of the as he had done that day when she the dark waters, immeasurable sound of Hampden would have been deeper He went back to the huddled Indians

tore his limbs. He sailed away into and the silent figure on its blankets. "Memmiloo," he said decisively 'make quick a pole sling. You an' big Bill an' Multoowah an' Jim Pinebeen blown clear of the raft and the tree will take Sandry back to camp. Go first to Toledo an' get Doc Hooker -have him do what he can there an' vivid valley. go along to camp. Tell him to stay cried, half after the manner of a back. Hurry now."

In the awful silence that fell in the picked out by name set about their cot, and presently they laid him, a groaning of the timbers. The wrecked white man would take to begin they had drained from the dark face of the las fir, a gift from British Columbia. ach. to the right, jammed into the shore, and bottom to hold the poles the width of a man's shoulders apart, and the sling was ready.

"Now," said Daily grimly, "travel like hell, boys, but carry him soft, for he's broke like the ferns when a pine From here and there voices an falls."

Tenderly they lifted the owner of ently figures crept fearfully into the the Dillingworth and laid him in the hollow of the blankets.

His foreman cast one look at him as the Indians swung away on the back another stanched the blood from a trail and turned his face to the ammed raft. He studied the problem from all sides. Then he took his remaining Indians, for none of them were beyond work from their shakingup, got off the mooring chains and pines fore and aft. Then he calmly prepared to wait the turn of the tide. She would loose herself.

The damage at the prow was slight. The lift had come a moment too soon ing the ends of the logs which slid charge of him." downward and apart, giving her the appearance of a ragged broom.

Snamishta, like all the coast Indi ans, was a good waterman. He offered to dive for the broken chaina and Daily let him go. In three hours he had found all the ends, fastened to them hauling lines, which the others used to bring them up, the breakage was repaired, and Daily was ready to mend the broken nose as well as he could. He needed to circle the loosened logs with the chains again, and he went about it in a simple manner.

There was no getting under the raft one wavered drunkenly from the fall from the front because of the jam against the shore, even if Snamishta could have managed the tide and endured the time under water. Therecan swim get into the water quick! fore it must be done from the other

So Daily laid the chains across the spreading nose, attached a long towaccepting with their pathetic fatalism line to the shore ends and dropped them into the water. The line was then led to the stern, under the mooring chains, around and forward to the

except for bruises slipped into the prow He then lay down for a needed rest until the sucking green water grew test. "No! He kissed me and I am slower and slower and finally stopped

With the first insidious movement of the flood tide the groaning and creakas it locked and settled. Daily on the teg set up again throughout the giant, and war raised its banner between might, now and then, have to make shore began threshing the ferns, filling | and the foreman was on his feet at | them. Unnoticed, the four Indians | some sort of reply."

he night with his stentorian voice as once as she began, almost impercep shifted gently until they stood, a back he called upon Sandry's name. From tibly, to back out from the shore. The time to time he listened. Then he ends of the chains were hauled up lighted a torch and widened his circle. slipped forward and fastened securely peering into every covert of fern, be after the logs had been coaxed to face. hind every log, and even searching the gether as much as was possible with

branches of the trees. He had seen rope and peavey and cant hook. "By jingo!" said Daily, "but that two when a blast of giant powder had was a blast. The son-of-a-gun must have had a wagon-loan o' sticks. An' After a long time he straightened it was a plant, all right. Must've had some batt'ries an' a trigger wire. But "Done for!" he said aloud to the he hain't smart enough to figger out fusk of the forest, bitterly. "Down an' such things. Twa'n't th' right slant, lone for-an' him so damned good for or she'd a bit us amidships an' opened us up proper-an' we'd a-gone to sea

The hours of the flood tide were irkswered, another and another, as the some to him, waiting, wondering how



"No, by Heaven, He'd Want Her to Go Through."

tween the Indians, and thinking bit-On the other hand, if Sandry should terly of Hampden, who was proving himself a dangerous enemy.

But he thought also of the steamer plowing down from Portland, which would stand in at Yaquina, and he worth would become a thing of the knew he would be ready to turn over

"Be a damn hard matter to tow by that head," he told himself; "guess "No, by heaven, he'd want her to go we can drift her out an' turn her tall

Then he fell to wondering if Sandry would ever know of the big check. tenderfoot's first and last fight!

CHAPTER XVII.

A Hard Knock.

It was a sweet spring day, bluearched and fitful-aired, with a riot of bird songs in the pines when the little | side and jingle." cavalcade bore Walter Sandry up the

They took him up the slope and with Sandry day an' night till I get into the office and held him while Stletz flew to the house for many more gether recalling the old schooldays. Without a word, the four Indians blankets to pile high on the spring appointed task. In less time than a sadly broken thing, upon it. The color girl, and her hands, shut hard, hung which is to be erected as a flagstaff edges, warped a short spreader at top tensely in the folds of her skirt as a in Kew Gardens, in England, is typi- Let Cascarets cleanse your stomach; silence fell with the easing of the man | cal of hundreds of similar pieces of

upon the bed. "Doctor-" she said hoarsely; "doc-

tor-" and could get no further. The doctor had known her for the several years he had been in the coun- ber, 1913, and which was 160 feet try and he studied her face a moment in length, also came from British before answering.

"Close call, S'letz," he said gently; 'maybe he'll live-maybe not.'

For a moment she swayed upon her feet, flinging her bands across her eyes, while her breath came in catching gasps.

cried at last, tragically. "Oh, Father, spare him, for he is an unbeliever!" At this tense moment Poppy Ordsnubbed the monster to the shore way, who had been watching from the zette. background with parted lips and kindling eyes, stepped forward,

"Doctor-Mrs. Daily," she said. of something which I-and Walter to hurt the big raft much. Several of also-had not intended to make known tiply so rapidly during this summer the binding chains at the extreme at present. I am Mr. Sandry's prom- that crops in the fields and in orchards head of her had been broken, loosen | ised wife and as such I will take

All her life had this woman taken chances, sharp chances, fraught with swift danger and trying to nerve and skill, but never had she done a harder mals and birds which have fed upon thing than to face this little group of Westerners whose instinct matched her art.

They turned upon her in thunderstricken silence-the doctor with a clean amaze, the indians in stoical out for game. Guns are not used in quiet, Ma Daily with an astonishment | the work except under the supervision | to have an opportunity to say to all that was only the forerunner of antag- of gendarmes, and then only when othonistic reaction. But of them all it er means of disposing of the game, was the face of Siletz, fallen upon her such as traps and ferrets, are not availknees beside the cot, that shook the able. Wherever possible, the game is heart in her, chilled her bold spirit.

It lifted itself, panting, white and parts of the country for restocking awful, its lips where the broken Sign purposes. stood plainly out, fallen apart and coiorless. The dark eyes stared upon her with an uncomprehending horror that irritated her.

"I know something of nursing and we'll de out best-" But here Siletz sprang up to her

"No!" she cried in anguished pro-

slim height and her voice smote the

unconscious form of the man, these divided attention, whereas if I were in two women from the ends of the earth, the society of a less voluble person I

ground for the pallid girl in the rough western garb. Miss Ordway smiled, though a hard brilliance came into ber

"Perhaps," she said. "He has kissed many. It is the way of the outside world."

She turned to the physician. "When do you think he will recover

consciousness? Her cool voice terminated the scene.

She was mistress of the hour. With both bands extended before her Siletz went blindly out into the sunlight. She stood a moment, her

the hills for sanctuary. Coosnah rial, which if not completely eliminatswung into his pace behind her; and ed from the system each day, becomes presently, after an hour's climb, they food for the millions of bacteria which reached the great fir stump on the infest the bowels. From this mass of crest of the ridge. Here the girl flung | left-over waste, toxins and ptomaineherself on her knees, gripping her like poisons are formed and sucked braids in savage fingers, and for a wild into the blood. space something within her that she historic female fought for her mate.

So she knelt and rocked in the lust of fury while the little clouds sailed accumulation of poisons and toxins in an azure sky and the hill streams and to keep the entire alimentary trickled to the valleys, and suddenly canal clean, pure and fresh. a bird in a high pine top dropped a string of notes, clear, silvery, spar- ache, colds, biliousness, constipation, kling, for all the world like the dia- others who wake up with bad taste, mond notes of a flute and instantly she foul breath, backache, rheumatic stiffcowered under them, covering her eyes in instinctive guilt.

CTO BE CONTINUED.

RILEY HAD TO WRITE JINGLES

Former Schoo! Teacher Recalls Days When the Loved Poet Was Her Pupil.

"Jingles" and not regular studies occupled the school hours of James Whitcomb Riley, the noted Hoosier poet, according to Mrs. "Tibby" Ulrey, seventy-three years old, of Athens. Tenn., who is visiting with Mrs. S. A. Rice of Covington, Ky., the Cincinnati Commercial-Tribune states.

"In the year 1860-61, when I taught in the subscription school at Greenfield, Ind., Riley was one of my pupils, and, although he was a good student, earth.' he never carried off the honors of his class.

"His chief delight was to hide behind some other pupil and compose 'jingles,' as he called them, and when caught in the act always explained that he had to write, as the verses were always going through his mind. "Composition came natural to bim

and he would stop in the midst of a task to jot down some little verse. When he was about eighteen years old he ran away with a traveling medicine show and later painted signs on fences. but would stop work suddenly to sprawl out on the grass by the road-

Mrs. Ulrey attended the celebration ly held in Indianapolis and she and her former pupil spent several hours to- Cascarets.

Canada's Quant Trees.

The 225-foot long "spar" of Doug- liver, clogged bowels or an upset stomflagstaff, which was taken down owing to its insecure condition in Decem- bowels. Then you will feel great. Columbia and carried the flag in Kew Gardens for over half a century. It was presented to the gardens by the Cape Horn, in 1861. When it was de- never gripe or sicken. Adv. cided to take it down two years ago "But God sits above the sea!" she it occupied a big staff of workmen over a fortnight in rigging up the necessary derricks and gear for lowering it to the ground .- Pall Mall Ga-

The prohibition imposed by the caused wild animals and birds to muland gardens in various forest regions have been ravaged. The menace has become so serious that the government authorities are now killing rabbits, hares, pheasants and other anithe growing crops. The killing is done on specified days by those in the communes who have proper authorization The huntsmen act collectively, no indi vidual sportsman being allowed to go taken alive, and transferred to other

Chance to Think. "Miss Gadders talks so much and se fast that it is impossible to get in a

word." "Yes, but I find her conversation a great help to me at times," said Professor Diggers, who is compelled to hushed room like the snapping of a leave his study occasionally to fulfill his social obligations.

> "Impossible!" "Nevertheless it is quite true. When she talks I'm able to concentrate my mind on matters that demand my un-

Not a Bite of Breakfast Until You Drink Water

Says a glass of hot water and phosphate prevents illness and keeps us fit.

Just as coal, when it burns, leaves behind a certain amount of incombreath coming and going in great | bustible material in the form of ashes, gasps, like that of a doe mortally so the food and drink taken day after wounded, and in her eyes was no light. day leaves in the alimentary canal a Like the wounded doe, she fled to certain amount of indigestible mate-

Men and women who can't get feelhad never known in all her life arose ing right must begin to take inside and shook her. She had gone back a baths. Before eating breakfast each thousand years. Blind rage was upon morning drink a glass of real hot waher-she wanted to fight as the pre- ter with a teaspoonful of limestone phosphate in it to wash out of the thirty feet of bowels the previous day's

Those who are subject to sick headness, or have a sour, gassy stomach after meals, are urged to get a quarter pound of limestone phosphate from any druggist or storekeeper, and begin practicing internal sanitation. This will cost very little, but is sufficient to make anyone an enthusiast

on the subject. Remember inside bathing is more important than outside bathing, because the skin pores do not absorb impurities into the blood, causing poor health, while the bowel pores do. Just as soap and hot water cleanses. sweetens and freshens the skin, so hot water and limestone phosphate act on the stomach, liver kidneys and bowels.-Adv.

Denied. "That young man is the salt of the

"Oh, no, he isn't; he's too fresh."

"CASCARETS" FOR SLUGGISH BOWELS

No sick headache, sour stomach, biliousness or constipation by morning.

Get a 10-cent box now.

Turn the rascals out-the headache, billiousness, indigestion, the sick, sour in honor of the poet which was recent stomach and foul gases-turn them out to-night and keep them out with

Millions of men and women take a Cascaret now and then and never know the misery caused by a lazy

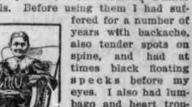
remove the sour, fermenting food; timber which grow in the forests of take the excess bile from your liver western Canada. The Kew Gardens and carry out all the constipated waste matter and poison in the

A Cascaret to-night straightens you out by morning. They work while you sleep. A 10-cent box from any drug store means a clear head. sweet stomach and clean, healthy liver late Mr. E. Stamp and was brought and bowel action for months. Chilto England by a sailing ship, via dren love Cascarets because they

> Only Part of the Obligation. Patient-Doc, I owe you my life. Doctor-Yes, and that !sn't all --Minnesota Minnehaha.

> > A GRATEFUL OLD LADY.

Mrs. A. G. Clemens, West Alexan-"this terrible thing forces me to speak French government upon hunting has der, Pa., writes: I have used Dodd's Kidney Pills, also Diamond Dinner Pills. Before using them I had suf-



specks before my eyes. I also had lumbago and heart trouble. Since using this medicine I have been

fering. It is agreeable to me for you to publish this letter. I am glad who are suffering as I have done that obtained relief by using Dodd's Kid-

ney Pills and Diamond Dinner Pills. Dodd's Kidney Pills 50c per box at your dealer or Dodd's Medicine Co., Buffalo, N. Y. Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets for Indigestion have been proved. 50c per box.-Adv.

"What kind of ships do they have dog watches on?" . 'Why, barks, of course,'

Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it Bears the Signature of Chart Hilltehers. In Use for Over 30 Years.

Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria The dancing master is always taking steps to raise money.